

HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE



Without Interracial Justice

NEWS

Social Justice Will Fail

Vol. 6 No. 3

July-August, 1946

New York N. Y. 5 Cents

Negro Soldiers in the Revolutionary War

HISTORICAL records reveal individually and collectively the brave deeds of the people who landed at Plymouth in 1620, and, in the other colonies, who came to this country with body and soul charged with the desire of freedom, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

At this crucial time in 1770 Crispus Attucks, a tall broad-shouldered Negro—"a slave run away from his master"—after twenty years appeared upon the streets of Boston, when the colonists were exasperated with "taxation without representation." Crispus Attucks felt a kinship with the spirit of the times, that urges men on even unto death rather than not be free, for liberty was so dear to him. Jubilee song, "Before I'll be a slave I'll be buried in my grave."

One account: "The evening came on, Parties of soldiers were driven about the streets, making a parade of valor, challenging resistance, and striking the inhabitants indiscriminately with sticks, sheaths and cutlasses." "And a stout mulatto named Attucks, who was at the head of a party of sailors, shouted, "Let us fall upon the nest—the main guards—the main guards, that's the nest." The soldiers now loaded their guns. Attucks and the sailors gave three loud cheers, beating their clubs and shouted to the populace behind them. . . . Attucks aimed a blow at Captain Preston, which was parried with his arm, and descending knocked the musket of one of the soldiers to the ground. The bayonet was seized by the mulatto and the owner of the musket thrown to the ground in the struggle. . . . Just then voices in the crowd behind Preston cried, "Why don't you fire?" The word fell upon the ears of Montgomery struggling with Attucks. . . . "A shot rang out in the icy cold night. Some one fell. It was Crispus Attucks. The BOSTON MASSACRE had made history. The first to fall was a Negro slave for whose return his master had offered a reward just twenty years ago. The blood of Crispus Attucks stained the light snow which had just covered the streets of Boston, on a cold moonlight night, March 5, 1770."

SHORTLY before Crispus died, he uttered, "I hope my death will let them know how much my people love freedom." A public funeral was given the martyrs. The four hearses formed a junction in King street. The procession marched in columns of six deep, with a long file of

coaches (belonging to the most distinguished citizens), to the Middle Burying Ground where the four victims were deposited in one grave, over which a stone was placed with this inscription:

"Long as in freedom's cause the wise contend
Dear to your country shall your fame extend:
While to the world the lettered stone shall tell
Where Calwell, Attucks, Gray and Maverick fell."

President John Adams, second President of the United States of America said: "This was the declaration of war and it was fulfilled. The world had heard of him and more, the English speaking world will never forget the noble daring and excusable

(Continued on page 7)

Lover of Lovers

*Mary Immaculate
Queen of the skies,
Creature penultimate
of paradise.
Mother celestial
Lover terrestrial
Embrace and enfold my
heart fore it dies.
Lover of lovers, maid
undefiled,
Bearer of God to man
reconciled,
Heavenly advocate!
Spread thy protectorate!
Bring us to God
from Whom Eve
us exiled.*

Lt. Rod Maguire

Colored Knights of Columbus

In answer to inquiries about the admission of colored Catholics to the Knights of Columbus we wish to present these letters about the stand of that organization in New York State.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
New York State Council
State Deputy
Joseph M. Foley
2966 Briggs Avenue
New York 58, N. Y.
Tel. Columbus 5-1492.

June 10th, 1946

Hon Julian J Reiss
124 E 28th Street
New York City
Dear Commissioner:

Many thanks for your gracious letter relative to the convention at Saranac Lake, N. Y. It was a real privilege and pleasure to cooperate, and from our very first meeting I had no doubt of the results. Our Order, thank God,

is founded upon the teachings of Our Divine Master and Holy Mother Church. One of our most illustrious and distinguished Knights in the City of New York is Dr. Hudson Oliver of St. Patrick's Council. He has been a tower of strength through the years and is at present a member of the Hospital Association of New York Chapter.

With this goes every best wish and the hope that you will continue your splendid work in this direction.

Sincerely,
JOE.
Joseph M. Foley,
State Deputy.

WHEREAS, the Knights of Columbus stand firm upon the teachings and principles of Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, and His Holy Church, and

WHEREAS, as followers of Jesus Christ, the Knights of Columbus have never compromised in any of these principles, and

WHEREAS, we have among these principles the teaching of the unity of the human race so clearly explained by our present Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, in his first encyclical, *Summi Pontificatus*, and in his encyclical on The Mystical Body of Christ, and

WHEREAS, members of the Knights of Columbus have been drawn from qualified Catholics of every race, class and color, and

WHEREAS, in a world seething with hatreds, recognition of these principles is of paramount concern to mankind.

BE IT THEREFORE RESOLVED THAT New York State Council of the Knights of Columbus reassert its unalterable opposition to all practices of intolerance and discrimination.

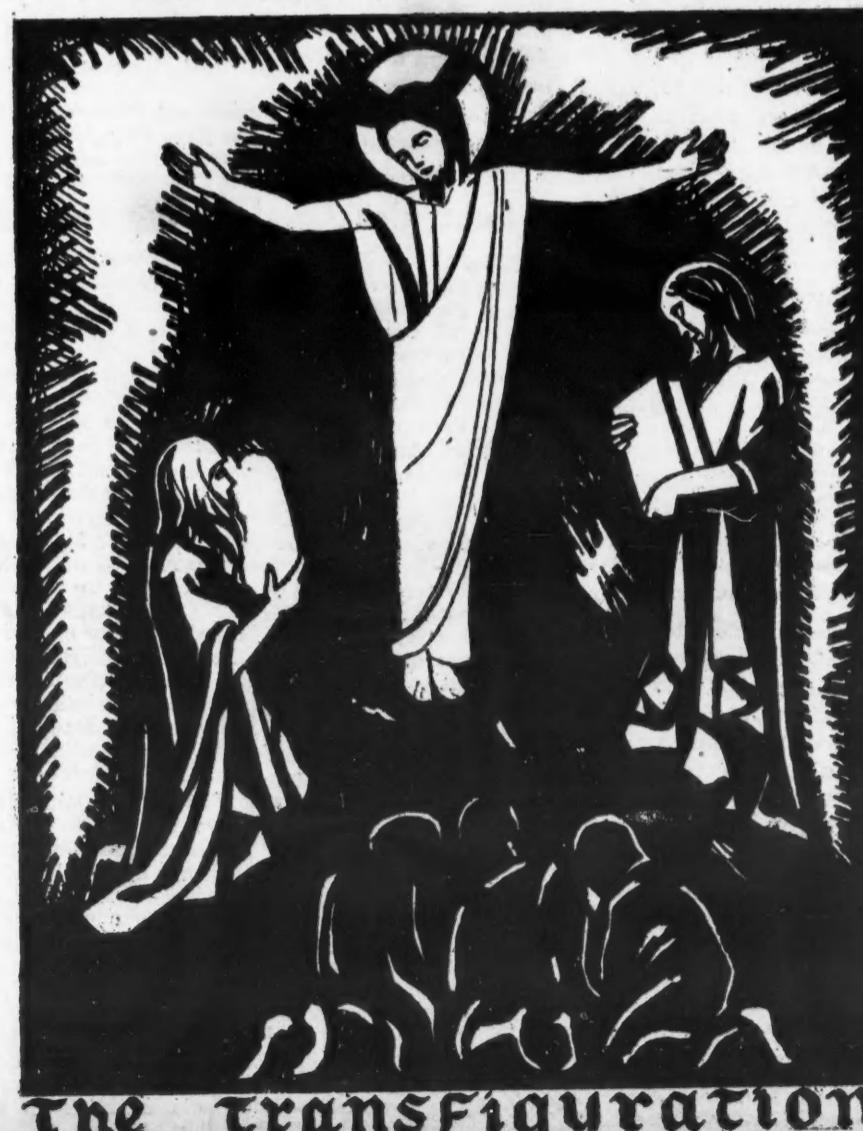
Adopted Saturday, May 25, 1946. Saranac Lake, N. Y. New York State Council of the Knights of Columbus. Annual meeting.

Submitted by Julian Reiss of Lake Placid Council.

Mr. Joseph M. Foley, Deputy
New York State Council,
Knights of Columbus,
2966 Briggs Avenue,
New York 58, N. Y.
Dear Brother Foley:

I wish to express my sincere appreciation for the unanimous approval which was given to the resolution I presented to the New York

(Continued on page 8)



Vol. 6

July-August

No. 3

HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS

34 WEST 125TH STREET

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Alter Christus—Another Christ

Long ago and far away, in the days when knighthood was in flower, a group of eager saintly ones set out in search of the Holy Grail, which was supposed to be the Cup from which the Lord drank the Wine at the Holy Supper, and from which He gave His Apostles to drink likewise, whilst He told them "For This is the Chalice of My Blood of the new and everlasting testament, the mystery of Faith, which for you and for many, shall be shed unto the remission of sins."

Indeed—The Holy Grail—the most precious Chalice in the world was well worth seeking for—over dale and over seas. Giving up one's life in the search. No wonder that the literature of the world sang of this search in prose and poetry all through the ages!

Yet, the good knights need not have traveled so far, for the Holy Grail was then, as it is now, quite as close to them as it is to us. But at times the eyes of Faith get blurred and cannot see what is nigh . . . at others, familiarity, even with the holiest and most awesome mysteries of God darkens human vision.

For, we are the Holy Grail, the precious Chalice! So were the knights—as is every Catholic from the beginning to the end of time, who in a state of grace communicates at Mass, eating the Bread that is the Lord, drinking the cup that is His Precious Blood. Miracle of miracles that has become so familiar that we seldom stop to realize it!

But there is a greater miracle than that even. The miracle of the PRIEST. That frail, human being, who leaving all things has arisen to follow the Lord, and having received the Sacrament of Holy Orders, becomes ANOTHER CHRIST—an ALTER CHRISTUS. For it is he alone who can dispense these Most Holy Mysteries to us. It is at His word alone that bread and wine change into the BODY AND BLOOD OF THE LORD CHRIST. It is he alone who can change us into the Holy Grail, the Precious Chalice of the Lord. Without the Priest, no Mass. Without the Priest, no Communion. And without Mass and Communion, no Holy Grail. What a wonderful, a glorious miracle of God's love for men a Priest is!

Friendship House, whose whole way of life and works is based on the Mass, whose Staff Workers begin their day with Mass and Communion, without which none could persevere, love the priests and the holy Priesthood with a great love, constantly keeping it and them in their humble prayers.

Therefore, it is with joy, and a gratitude spilling over and overflowing, that we thank the Most Holy Trinity for the great grace it has given us in permitting Friendship House to have a share in directing and helping nineteen young men to become Priests. Alleluia!

When we say that we have helped and directed them, we mean this in a general sense. As you dear readers know, many young men and women come to us to embrace our somewhat new, and to many strange, "vocation to the Lay Apostolate." Others graciously give their spare time to our works. The first are the Staff Workers of Friendship House, the second its Volunteers. It is from the ranks of both that these vocations to the Priesthood came.

Of course the primary and ultimate call to it comes from God. But many such a call is not answered because a thousand things may distract—him who is called—from it. But at Friendship House, in the simple Catholic atmosphere of its daily life, in the many lectures on Catholic subjects given by outstanding priests and lay people, young men slowly see the fullness of the beauty of God and His Holy Church unfold before them.

All their questions are answered, either by the lec-

tures, the reading or the training given to them. The moderators and spiritual advisors of Friendship House are close and always available for consultation and advice. It is because of all these helps, and because of the direct and uncompromising stands that Friendship House and its Staff take in matters of Faith, that the souls of those that come in contact with it are not distracted by the noises of the world in which they work and live. Slowly vocations are clarified, and nineteen have followed them.

Many and interesting are the ways of the Lord. Alas, space does not permit relating them all. But two remain in my memory vividly. One was a young learned professor who had taught several years in a Catholic men's college and who was very sure that he for one had no religious vocation of any kind, least of all to the Priesthood, but desired greatly to devote his whole life to the Lay Apostolate style. So he came. Soon after his arrival we had one of our usual days of recollection—we have these every two months and an eight-day retreat once a year. As was to be expected, the priest giving the sermons for the day spoke on the Lay Apostolate, its duties and its virtues. He did so brilliantly and convincingly. The young professor listened very attentively. A few days later he came to us to inform us that he would be leaving Friendship House in the near future—TO BECOME A TRAPPIST PRIEST!

And then there was the Church of England basement where we lectured on the Mystical Body of Christ as understood by Catholics. The young minister was very attentive. We parted friends. A few weeks later he came to Friendship House, announcing that he was resigning his post and entering the Catholic Church. While this was going on could he join our Staff? Of course he could and did. He stayed on after becoming a Catholic. Then one day he too came to tell us that he was joining a Franciscan Order, as a Priest.

And only last June one of our Negro Staff Workers, Paul Butler, was ordained a priest in the diocese of Trenton . . . he said his first Mass for us in Harlem. It was the greatest day Friendship House ever knew. For the miracle of the priesthood became palpable and evident to us. Our nineteenth priest. Alleluia!

Prayer

LORD JESUS

*Teach me to be generous.
 To serve You as You deserve to be served,
 To give without counting the cost,
 To fight without heeding the wounds,
 To work without seeking rest,
 To spend my life without expecting any other return than
 the knowledge that I do Your Holy Will. Amen.*
St. Thomas More Press

Holy Father Blesses Works for Interracial Justice

RECEIVING a group of Negro publishers in audience, Pope Pius pronounced a blessing on all who "labor in charity" to further interracial justice. The Negro publishers were accompanied on their visit to the Vatican by a group of American Army officers from the Mediterranean theater.

Received by the Pope were Frank Stanley, president of the American Negro Publishers Association, and editor of the "Louisville, Ky., "Defender"; Dowdell C. Davis, vice-president of the association, and editor of the "Kansas City Star"; and William Walker, editor of the "Cleveland Call and Post."

The Pope expressed pleasure at meeting men "so favorably circumstanced to influence thousands of readers" and to "counsel them aright in the pursuit of that interracial justice and brotherhood which alone can secure the stability of all that men hold dear."

"Near where you are standing," he told the Negro editors, "almost nineteen centuries ago was martyred the Prince of the Apostles, who, through a message received

from heaven, learned that God is not a respecter of persons. Not far beyond the walls of this city, you will visit the sanctuary of the Apostle of the gentiles who became all things to all men that he might save all."

"From the day the Church was divinely commissioned to teach all nations, she has,

without distinction or preference, sent her missionaries to all peoples of the world. Her conviction of the sacredness of her momentous charge is based not only on the fact of the common physical origin of all men, but also on the great truth of Revelation that God will have all men saved, and that Christ the Redeemer died for all."

"Gentlemen, in this you have the key to the solution of the problem that vexes you. All men are brothers in Jesus Christ, because He became Man, a member of the human family, and the brother of all. This expression of infinite, universal love is the true bond of fraternal charity, which should unite men and nations. May it be welded ever more firmly through the efforts of all men of good will."

BOOK REVIEW

The Divine Pity

By Gerald Vann, O. P.
 Sheed & Ward, N. Y. 220pp., \$2.50.)

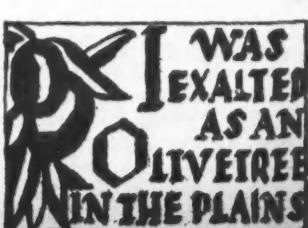
THE DIVINE PITY is the latest and best work of Father Vann, who belongs to the English Province of the Dominican Order. The subtitle of the book, *A Study in the Social Implications of the Beatitudes*, clearly indicates the trend of the work.

Man, as a social creature, has certain obligations towards God, his neighbor, and himself. These obligations exist in the purely natural order like an uncut gem, lacking a definite shape and without luster. It is Christian revelation which gives the obligations proper proportion and the facets to reflect the brilliant light of grace. Father Vann writes about this cut gem of Christian obligations to God, neighbor and self in terms of the Beatitudes, the Virtues, the Gifts of the Holy Ghost, and the Sacraments and he emphasizes how all these are connected to form a pattern of Catholic daily life—a pattern which, though not easy to execute, will render our life more simple by showing us how to fit together all our daily actions so that they form us in the image of Christ.

Today, almost a year after the cessation of the major conflict, the world remains torn by strife and bitterness and envy, and there seems no safe road to peace. But there is a safe road, and a sure road, to peace—it is the road of the Mystical Body shown to us by Father Vann in this fine work of his. As Father points out and constantly repeats, all nationals and all members of all races belong to one family—the human family which Christ came upon earth to redeem—and all are at least potential members of the Mystical Body of Christ. And, since we belong to the one family, each one of us shares in the evil as well as in the good wrought by our brothers. Nor is it sufficient for us to be shocked by the evil done or to rebuke our wayward brethren; rather, we must work as brothers to remedy the evil, not by harshness, but by love.

THE DIVINE PITY, written in simple language all of us can understand, is a "must" for all who work as Lay Apostles, for all who are engaged in Catholic Action, for all who would be better Catholics, for all outside our Church who wish to understand more fully the depth and richness of Catholic spirituality.

E. Russell Naughton.



Farm Bulletin

By MONICA DURKIN

IN the chronicle of the Farm the event which overshadows all others to date is our recent retreat—the first to be held there. Father Leo Von Rudloff, O.S.B., came from Keyport, New Jersey, to be our guide in those fleeting and happy days when all of us—from Chicago and Marathon—went apart from our daily round of duties and prayed and pondered and listened. Marge Quilty and Mary Clinch came up from Chicago to take over the mundane, but oh so important, tasks of shopping, cooking and dishwashing. Their charity left the rest of us free to concentrate on the eternal truths Father Leo presented so sweetly, so gently and so aptly for our needs in Friendship House. Our daily routine was simple—Mass at the village Church—with Father Multerer's kind cooperation we were able to have dialogue Masses. After our morning conference there was ample time provided for meditation and true to the Benedictine tradition of "Orare et Labore" Father Rudloff approved the suggestion of weeding the garden and planting the late seeds so that many of the retreatants grabbed hoes and spades and accomplished great things in the vegetable patch while sifting and absorbing the matter of the preceding conference. Tevey drew quite an effective analogy between the persistence and ruggedness of the quack grass and similar weeds and doggedness and obstinacy with which the roots of our sins and attachments cling to our souls. Looking over the neat and precise rows of vegetables after the retreat we hoped that one day we could be as free from the rank growth of iniquity.

After dinner came a long interval for rest, swimming or private devotion and the afternoon conference was followed by a period of singing practice—for Friendship House holds with the Psalmist that "He who sings praises God twice."—Our evening conference over, we went into Marathon for Benediction and Compline in our parish church—the use of which our pastor so freely allowed us. One of the retreat days was so balmy that we had all our conferences and singing practice outside sitting around under the apple trees, dappled with the warm June sun. The retreat ended with Father von Rudloff giving us the Papal blessing and we parted regretfully and gratefully with him at Wausau where he began his homeward journey which, like his coming to us, was beset with transportation difficulties. Such mishaps could not deter one who had given us so eloquently by word and example the age-old plea of the devout man, "Give joy to the soul of thy servant, Oh Lord, for unto Thee have I lifted it up."

Mary Fregeau stayed with us after the others left and has been busily preparing for the Summer School which opened July first. Everything is in good shape for it—including the double-decker beds we were able to obtain from the army surplus. They are set up in the dormitory and make that room able to accommodate eight people.

WE have had our usual galaxy of visitors, including the Pat Crowleys from Wilmette who spent a night enroute to Minneapolis.

Our garden is growing apace—already we have canned a good supply of rhubarb using the cold water method and planning to sweeten it as we use it—in the hope that sugar or syrup will be more plentiful later. We have had lettuce, onions and spinach several times and we anticipate an early return on several of our other vegetables.

This month we have been rereading Zundel's sublime "Splendor of the Liturgy" and we quote a sample passage in the hope that you will read the entire book—Father Zundel in explaining the Dismissal—that is the "ITE MISSA EST" writes.... "Go, but the Mass is not finished while a single body hungers, a single soul is tormented, a single heart wounded, a single countenance closed, so long as God is not all in all. Behold the entire universe is in your hands like a host to be consecrated by your charity, and restored to its Divine vocation, which is to love and to sing. All things are yours, and you are Christ's and Christ is God's." Go, it is the Divine Mission, into God's harvest, to gather all the ears of corn scattered over the hills into one living loaf."

From Sir Francis Meynell
52 Grosvenor Gardens
London, S. W. 1.
England.

June 13th, 1946.

Dear Madam:

Jonathan Cape has forwarded your letter of May 28th to me. The humanity of your manifesto makes it a duty as well as a privilege and pleasure to say "yes" to your request for permission to print Francis Thompson's "The Kingdom of God" in a forthcoming number of Friendship House News.

Yours sincerely,
Francis Meynell.



The Name of Jesus

But the name of Jesus... preached, it gives light to the mind; meditated upon, it feeds the soul; invoked in prayer, it soothes and heals the spirit... Jesus is honey in the mouth, music in the ear, a shout of gladness in the heart... For when I name the name Jesus I see before me a man meek and humble of heart, kind, temperate, chaste, merciful, and distinguished for everything that is upright and holy... I derive an example from Him as Man, and help from Him as the Mighty One.

"St. Bernard on the Love of God," Translated by Rev. T. L. Connolly, S.J., Spiritual Book Associates, New York.



THE KINGDOM OF GOD

"In No Strange Land"

O world invisible, we view thee,
O world intangible, we touch thee,
O world unknowable, we know thee,
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,

The eagle plunge to find the air—

That we ask of the stars in motion

If they have rumour of thee there?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,

And our benumbed conceiving soars!

The drift of pinions, would we harken,

Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places;

Turn but a stone and start a wing!

'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces

That miss the many-splendoured thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)

Cry—and upon thy so sore loss

Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder

Pitched between Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,
Cry,—clinging Heaven by the hem;
And lo, Christ walking on the water
Not of Gennesareth, but Thames!

By Francis Thompson.

Reprinted from Modern Catholic Poetry for Boys and Girls by kind permission of the publishers, Jonathan Cape of London, Eng. and Sir Francis Meynell.

The Baroness Jots It Down

ALLELUIA... ALLELUIA... The first Summer School of Friendship House is a reality. The first session opened Monday July first, but the pupils began to arrive a few days before. All was ready to receive them. Monica Durkin and Margaret Nicholson had worked hard and long to get the house in perfect shape, studied hundreds of menus, done the shopping for it weeks ahead. Mary Fregeau, the Dean of the Summer School, had been in residence for the whole month of June, to put the finishing touches on her end of it, and we, Ann and I—part of the faculty, arrived the Saturday before he opening, soon to be followed on the Sunday by Reverend Father Austin John, O.S.B., from the Benedictine Abbey of Latrop. On Monday everything and everyone was ready, including the pupils.

Elsewhere in this issue Monica will give a full description of the school and Mary Fregeau will add her contribution to the scholastic end of it. All I can say is that my heart sings because another part of Friendship House's Apostolate has been born healthy and lusty, promising to grow fast and well, helping to restore the world to Christ in yet another sphere, that of passing on the accumulated practical and academical knowledge acquired in the work of Friendship House, far and wide thru the states, via the adult pupils that are and will be coming in ever-growing numbers in the years to come.

But living here as I do these blessed five weeks, many things become apparent, many needs obvious. There is, for instance, the garden. We have about an acre that we can devote to flowers—nice sturdy, beautiful perennials, to make the place aglow with them, adding to the joy of all, giving also the most needed outdoor work; that is part of our program of integrated Catholicity. So, as usual without hesitation, I turn to those of our readers who have gardens and could spare us cuttings, roots and bulbs. And here is the list of some flowers we would be happy to get.

Columbines, Aster, Phlox, Delphiniums, Foxglove, Campanulas, Veronicas, Lobelias, Lupinus, Golden Glow, Chrysanthemums, Pompons, Marjories (Mills) Violets, Lilies of the Valley, Roses (any kind), Climbing Roses, Dahlias, Narcissus (bulbs) Iris (bulbs) and any other bulbs you can spare. Also any

kind of flowering shrubs. Please be ever so kind and send a list with gift, so that we know what is what, and what was sent by whom. Thanks a million times!

It is almost incredible to come to the Farm and realize that so much of what is in it has come to us thru the generosity of our good and many friends. But it has. We even asked for a sewing machine and a piano and got both. God is good, and charity still walks on gentle feet in the heart of Americans. Thank you one, thank you all! Encouraged by this thought I am going to ask for ONE TYPEWRITER FOR THE FARM, WE NEED IT SO BADLY. Also we will be glad to receive any garden tools you may not need anymore. And if anyone wants to contribute to our orchard fund, please don't hesitate for we hope to plant apple, pear, cherry and plum trees, also berry-bushes of any and every kind, not to mention strawberries. And by the way, you should see our kitchen garden, big and beautiful, and providing us already with many greens for our table. Everyone worked on it, too. But our thanks go specially to Fred Witt and Virgil Brownfield who labored hard and much to make it the success it is. Thank you, Fred and Virgil!

This brings me to another point. If there is in America a young man interested in joining the group that lives on the farm, to help with the work, and who at the same time is thinking of the Lay Apostolate as a vocation, let him please write to me (Mrs. C. Doherty, 8 West Walton Place, Chicago 10, Illinois). We have been praying hard to St. Joseph, for just such a Staff Worker.

After the Summer School is over I am off to Canada, to open there our first Information Center, for our own Friendship House Staff Workers, the new ones, who just joined us. It will last two months, and I will be letting you know soon how THAT new venture of ours progresses...Please in the meantime pray for its success.



STAFF REPORTER

By M.C.K.

BEFORE she was due at the Friendship House summer School in Marathon City, Wisconsin, the Baroness came to visit her oldest American child, Harlem Friendship House, for a week. And what a lot of work she lifted off our shoulders! The B is a veritable dynamo of energy and she gave us a real shoulder to the wheel. Stacks of letters got answered in no time flat, leaving us with that most wonderful feeling, a clear conscience. Well, at least on the score of letter-answering. We

hear she added much interest to the Catholic Press Conference in Archbishop Cushing's city of Boston. Now she is teaching at our summer school. And some people wonder if the Baroness is still connected with Friendship House! Just in every waking thought and even in her dreams, that's all!

Visiting Volunteers

Our prayers for help in this big job we've tackled are being answered by some visiting volunteers. Joe McGowan (Continued on page 6)



END THE HOUSE

By ANN HARRIGAN

Y AND LIFE TOGETHER

CITY WORKERS sweltered in the heat, our of Catholic Interracial Techniques made a bow in Marathon, Wisconsin. It is a beau- farmlands, good German farmers, mostly ple. After a year of painting, repairing, decorating, the house is cosy and comfort- guidance of Monica and Margaret the pro- twelve months is remarkable.

Body as the central doctrine around which to bring of social order was one of the courses pur- two weeks of each session. Father Cantwell tion from which springs the principles of sons, specially emphasizing the moral basis and how in violating the rights of the Negro being anti-social, but liable to grave sin.

Techniques discussed in another course brought of jimcrowism squarely before the group in student examples, suggestions, and projected We aimed to tie up or integrate the doc- lement of racial justice as we have met it, liv- the years in Harlem and the South Side.

Even life, meaning and continuity in the began with Mass at our parish church— cantata. Prime and Compline punctuated closing of our activities. In between were the house work, the field and barn work, beding, a dip in the Little Rib River down the ready a swimming class of the young people led by the Baroness) a sing-song at night, folk-dancing...and oh, wait till we get that

LITURGY—integrating Christianity into our own included—these were the ideas of by Father Austin, OSB, Fr. Egbert, OSB

Truly it is a pedagogue's dream! Peter delighted to see the faculty doing the chores, and the workers studying. The pioneer students were Mary Dibble and Celia MacNich- Jeannette Hayes from Milwaukee and Mary go.

course, is the focal point of future interest. here that the farmhouse will not hold the ar. So all the men who come up are "encouraged to assist. Virgil, Fred, Fr. ell, Fr. Egbert, George, Bob...Really we h at the excellent job they've done to pre- painting and remodeling.

greens have already been planted, as well berries. The compost heap is developing Ligutti, under the watchful eye of Monica. to be in the offing, and after that....who need so much is a young man who wants and live our life, or a couple who have lived

rses ended we saw tired bodies relax and under the wonderful sun and air and the good food—home-made bread, honey, bles and salads from the kitchen garden— the cities transformed and refreshed and vision of Christian life or strengthened in ready had. May the Lord of the Harvest ers in his Vineyard!

NCE XAVIER CABRINI

idst of the and anxi- strove and is without g to turn od and to ..." May this new saint implore from the Prince of Peace and from the Father of us all that with hates spent, the spirits placated, public and private relations will be regulated not by the unbridled desire for personal ad- vantage but in justice and equity, restoring to mankind the true peace from which the common good flows."

Pope Pius XII

Pilgrim Places Of North America

Ralph & Henry Woods,
Longmaus,
1939,
\$1.50.

"THERE are two reasons for reading travel books," someone wisely observed, "because you expect to travel or because you don't."

Such an all-inclusive group of travelers and stay-at-homes would find this American guide a delight to possess. It enables us to know our Catholic shrines and to learn Catholic history at the same time.

As the bookman turns to the preface before he reads the first chapter in the book so the good traveler goes to the church by the market place before exploring the town. From a date on a cornerstone or a name on a tablet a whole saga may be told. There is the explorer, the pioneer, the log hut, the first chapel, the frame church and now perhaps the cathedral with its friendly spire, the delight of its inspiration flung up to the sky. Such is the panorama that unfolds before him.

But were it not for the guide to direct him the small oratory would escape him and the little shrine, secure in a grove or trees. A reminder of God's saints and their work affords a pleasant interlude on a journey and lessens the heat of the day. It gives a moment to put one's thoughts in order in a place remote from all suggestion of modern chaos.

This guide book is very well arranged, except that a map and more pictures would improve its usefulness. The shrines are listed alphabetically by states. The missions of the southwest are grouped together instead of being in the general index which was an excellent plan so they may be followed more easily, geographically and chronologically.

Parent's Night

THERE was opening night tension back stage at the Casita. Miss Colleen's players were giving a performance for the Martinette's parents and grown-up friends. Colleen had the Rosary College faculty praying that all would go well. The good nuns must have been heard. The parents came to the Casita, saw the play, the Cub Scout's stunts, and the May Crowning, with little Rita Zeno doing the honors. They lingered afterward, and over coffee, got better acquainted with one another and with Friendship House.

Alfred Fulth is twelve, and the new president of the Casita. He will never make a Congressman because his speech of welcome was brief and sane and charming. He tells me he wants to be a doctor when he grows up anyway.

Later Blanche Scholes told the people about the Friendship House program. Friendship House is not simply another "uplift" work. Miss Scholes said that we are not having activities, lectures, and so on just to be having these things. There is the deeper reason of furthering interracial justice.

That there should be racial discrimination at all is, of course, an absurdity. It is absurd to discriminate at all on the basis of color. It is a pathetic irony that men should have to throw themselves away on a fight against this nonsense. If anyone is wondering if F. H. is trying to improve race relations just to improve race relations, his answer was implied in Miss Scholes' closing remark about the Fatherhood of God, and our brotherhood with Christ and with one another. No, we are furthering the Kingdom of God. And that is something more.

By Mary Clinch

MORNING OFFERING TO THE INFANT JESUS

O Most gracious Infant Jesus, I behold Thee born in a stable, lying upon a bed of straw in poverty for my salvation. I, though a most unworthy sinner, choose Thee this day in the presence of Thy Blessed Virgin Mother Mary and St. Joseph as my King and my Lord. I love and venerate Thee, in the mysteries of Thy Holy Infancy and I firmly purpose to love and serve Thee always. I give Thee thanks that Thou hast become a child for the love of me and in return I give and consecrate myself entirely to the love of Thee.

O Sweet Infant Jesus, I desire to love and adore Thee as did the Magi who came so far to pay Thee homage. I offer Thee all my treasures and will keep nothing back that Thou has given me. I offer Thee the gold of my love, the incense of my prayers, and myrrh of my pain and suffering. With them all I offer Thee that which Thou de-

VOLUNTEERS CORNER

Russell Marshall, Nina Polcyn helped a great deal. And Jerry Keefe, the C.Y.O. artist, did the illustrations.

The smoothest operation of the month was the "totally unrehearsed" dialogue between Fr. Cantwell, George Clark, and Mike Barrett to sell us the Douglass lecture. We all went to that one. Mr. Douglass' "A House Undivided" was given to a full house.

Another must was the "Hansel and Gretel" that our children gave. Tena Roseman directed it and did a magnificent job. Proceeds went to the Camp Fund.

Inspiration of the month was David James' names for our three shades of kitchen wall. They are creme profundus, creme superficiale, and creme peanut butter. Thanks to all the lads for the Dali paint job, and for the clean-up job on the Casita.

Newcomer Leroy Mosley had never heard of F. H. a few weeks ago. The other afternoon he heard it, i.e. the roar of the Casita. He liked what he heard and came in. He liked what he saw and stayed. Welcome, Leroy!

An unmentionable Chicago newspaper has a Wake which depends upon its friends. This column will have to depend, in part, on our volunteers, or we shall have to hold a wake for it. Let us know what is on your schedule and on your minds. Send us gossip, cherished opinions, bitter protests. Don't forget some clever suggestions for a title.

Mary Clinch



sirest more than all the rest—my heart—which is and ever shall be Thine for all eternity.

Let my humble heart be Thy crib and Thy resting place. I desire to purify it from all stain of sin and imperfection, and to furnish it—though ever so poor—with charity, humility and pious desires. Make my heart serve as Thy crib not only during the holy Christmas season but let it be Thy perpetual resting place.

Write for copies to Charles A. Bittighoffer, 110 Atlantic Ave., Atlantic City, N. J.

Sadness

My own idea, for what it is worth, is that all sadness which is not either arising from the repentance of a concrete sin and hastening towards concrete amendment or restitution, or else arising from pity and hastening to active assistance, is simply bad; and I think we all sin by needlessly disobeying the apostolic injunction to "rejoice" as much as by anything else.

from

"The Problem of Pain"
by C. S. Lewis

OUR NEW PRIEST

GREAT joy filled Harlem House when Father Paul Butler, an ex-staffworker, was ordained. Several of us had attended his ordination to the holy priesthood by Bishop Griffin of Trenton. Fr. Paul is the sixth colored priest working in that diocese, many of them in white parishes. The ordination ceremony was tremendously impressive, very simple, each word carefully distinct because of the great powers they bestowed on human beings. All candidates prostrated themselves while the priests' choir chanted the litany of the saints to invoke their aid. The bishop and all the priests present laid their hands on the head of each ordinand. The bishop crossed the stole across the breast of each with the words, "Take thou the yoke of the Lord, for His yoke is sweet, and His burden light." At the vesting with the chasuble he said, "Take thou the priestly vestment whereby charity is signified; for God is well able to give thee an increase of charity and its perfect works." He then said a beautiful prayer for a holy life for each ordinand and the "Veni Creator Spiritus" was sung. Then came the anointing of the hands with the prayers, "Be pleased, O Lord, to consecrate and hallow these hands by this anointing and our blessing... That whatever they bless may be blessed, and whatsoever they consecrate may be consecrated and hallowed in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ... Receive the power to offer sac-

rifice to God, and to celebrate Mass, both for the living and the dead, in the name of the Lord." After the Creed the ordinands said the Mass aloud with the bishop. After receiving the Host which they had consecrated and saying the Apostles' Creed, the bishop laid his hands upon the head of each and said, "Receive the Holy Ghost; whose sins thou shalt forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins thou shalt retain, they are retained." Then the chasuble was unfolded from the shoulders of each with the prayer, "The Lord clothed thee with the robe of innocence." After some admonitions the Mass was finished and each ordinand gave his blessing to those who came up to him. The whole ceremony made us realize the tremendous goodness of God to give such powers to men to help their fellows and to offer adequate sacrifice to God, presumptuous as such an expression may seem.

The second following Sunday, Father Paul came to Harlem to offer a solemn high Mass for us and our work. Fr. Montiel, a colored Holy Ghost Father from the West Indies, was deacon and Father Kapusta from St. Thomas the Apostle parish was subdeacon. Fr. Bill McMahon, a former volunteer, preached a fine sermon. The congregation sang the Mass as usual. St. Mark the Evangelist Church was beautifully decorated and the magnificent gold vestments were used. The Baroness said Fr. Paul was the saintliest-looking person she ever saw. She always calls him "Blessed Martin's Little Brother." Although it poured violently until the end of the reception at 5, we had many friends present for the breakfast and the afternoon. It was one of the happiest days Friendship House has ever known.



"On Whitman Ave."

IN a theatrical season which has seen four plays on the race problem in this country, none is so pertinent as "On Whitman Ave.", now showing at the Court Theatre, on 48th street, between 6th and 7th avenues, New York.

The other plays dealt with situations peculiar to the South. "On Whitman Ave." deals with a question of Negroes moving into a white neighborhood in a Northern community. As though to point up the timeliness of the play our daily papers carried a news story on May 29, of the fight to keep a Negro family from moving into a home in Addisleigh Park, in St. Albans, Queens.

So this play is an indictment of race prejudice as it is practiced right here in our own yard, not in the deep South.

Only one daily paper in New York carried a favorable review of "On Whitman Ave.", but this writer is of the opinion that the mass of the reviewers displayed either ignorance or prejudice in judging the play. One of the criticisms directed against the play was that some actors overplayed their parts, displaying too much emotion un-

der stress of a situation which they considered trivial. We hope the readers of this article will go see for themselves. In the situation in which the Bennett family is compelled to move from the white neighborhood, Mr. Canada Lee, who plays David Bennett, shows great restraint in interpreting the part. His studied calm made the tenseness of the moment more effective in a situation which made the audience feel like yelling to relieve their suppressed anger.

Briefly, it is the story of an 18-year-old girl who rents the upstairs apartment of her home to a young Negro and his family, while her parents are on a vacation. When her parents return they are impressed with the fact that the new tenants are so quiet and keep the premises so clean. Even when they discover that the tenants are Negroes they are only a little surprised, but not antagonistic. It is not until the neighbors, led by a former Southerner (the real estate operator of the Lawndale Development Co.) begin to make the mother of the white family uncomfortable, and playmates of the little white boy shun him, that the white family begins to waver.

Once again we see that

Who's Who in FM

Today we want to write up a Staff Worker who is not with us formally any more because she had to leave for personal reasons. Yet she had been with us, a member of our Friendship House family, for a long time, and you can still meet her at our lectures, or whenever anything is going on at Friendship House, or when there is an urgent need for help, for Agnes is always willing to lend a hand, and her interest in Friendship House never flags. Agnes is that kind of a person.

Her full name is Agnes Shoemaker. She came to us from Clinton, N. Y. I know that those of you who have had the privilege of becoming acquainted with Agnes while she was with us loved her at first sight. She was our house mother, and, in between these duties, she helped in the library, for Agnes loves books and is one of the best-read persons we know.

She also loves the poor, because she loves God and sees His gracious Face in all her neighbors. It would take a book to tell of the many things Agnes did for all the Staff Workers of Harlem's Friendship House. She nursed them. She fed them, oh, so well! She saw that Madonna Flat was clean and attractive. She welcomed all visitors with a sweet smile. She explained Friendship House to all who were interested with a zest and verve that never flagged. Much she did that only God knows for Agnes is gentle and humble.

We were terribly sorry, that we had not written up Agnes while she was officially with us. But there are so many to write up, that we followed the alternative method—now the New York House, now the Chicago one—now Marathon City, Wisconsin, and our FH Farm there... and so before we came to Agnes she had to leave. But if she is not at Friendship House, she always will remain in our hearts as part of it, for she helped to build it, as do and did all our present and former Staff Workers. And you still can meet Agnes there. By all means do. You will love her.

"Deep Are the Roots" of prejudice. And a supposedly liberal Northern family drags out of its subconscious all the things for which the Northerner is too often apt to condemn the South.

Hilda Vaughn is especially likeable in a part which expresses what everyone in the audience would like to shout at the villains.

In the course of the play the white family disintegrates under the attempt to compromise with what is just and what is expedient. The colored family, in spite of being forced to double up with another family in moving back to the slums, remains a well-knit family group. Here is a play for your MUST list! Out-of-towners should make a point of including it in their plans for vacation entertainment when in the city.

J. Quinlin,
Staff Worker.

ROSES

By Joyce Kilmer

*I went to gather roses and twine them in a ring,
For I would make a posy, a posy for the King.
I got an hundred roses, the loveliest there be,
From the white rose vine and the pink rose bush and from the red rose tree.*

*But when I took my posy and laid it at His feet
I found He had His roses a million times more sweet.
There was a scarlet blossom upon each foot and hand,
And a great pink rose bloomed from His side for the healing of the land.*

*Now of this fair and awful King there is this marvel told,
That He wears a crown of linked thorns instead of one of gold.
Where there are thorns are roses, and I saw a line of red,
A little wreath of roses around His radiant head.*

*A red rose is his Sacred Heart, a white rose is His face.
And His breath has turned the barren world to a rich and flowery place
He is the Rose of Sharon, His gardener am I,
And I shall drink His fragrance in Heaven when I die.*

From "Main Street and Other Poems," copyright 1917 by Doubleday and Co., Inc.

Staff Reporter

(Continued from page 3)

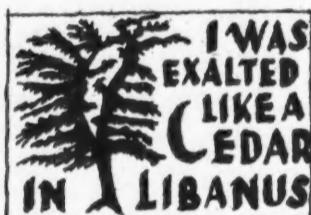
left the famous environs of Flatbush in Brooklyn and gave us half of his vacation, paying his way double, besides working very hard. We were delighted to have John McMahon back for a week's visit on his way home from St. Mary's seminary in Baltimore where he is doing fine indoctrination work for interracial justice. We prevailed upon him to do a sketch of the clothing room which is on page 8. Of course, he had to take his friends, the children from the club, to the beach. And he, knowing our financial standing, or lack of it, also contributed generously to our treasury. Kathleen Noel is coming for July.

Fr. Don Hessler

One Saturday noon we had a delightful visit from Fr. Don Hessler from Maryknoll. From his 3-year internment by the Japanese he emerged with great spiritual insight. He used the lay apostolate in the spiritual and corporal works of mercy with great results. Groups have been scattered and are now increasing and multiplying on four continents. He believes a person who receives the graces from daily Mass and Communion must distribute these or become a spiritual glutton. "You can't give what you haven't got, but what you have you can't keep." When we left the fishbones to be thrown away he said, "Those weren't thrown away in camp. One of the men made a pressure cooker. The bones were cooked soft like those of canned salmon and eaten to give calcium to the diet." The first year was the worst, though they had more material things. The last two years they acquired more detachment and spiritual understanding which made them grateful to the Japanese for teaching them the wonderful lessons of suffering. But we realized that to learn these lessons, the cooperation of the sufferer in the spirit of Christ is necessary and that cooperation is where the fine spirit of Maryknoll shone through. Let us pray that such un-Christian conduct will soon be impossible in any hospital of our country.

Discrimination has worked terrible havoc to bodies and souls of Negroes seeking admission to hospitals. One case was told of a little girl with a compound fracture of the leg being refused because she was colored. Not even a splint was put on to ease the anguish of the splintered bone piercing the flesh. Let us pray that such un-Christian conduct will soon be impossible in any hospital of our country.

Real solutions for the problems which face Negroes in our country were recommended. We are looking forward to fine results from the recommendations. Merely to meet such a fine, earnest, interracial group actually in the field working for interracial justice was worth the trip.



Inspiration Under Chicago "El"

(Continued from page 1)

It turned out to be worse, at first glance, than I expected. Tucked into a cluttered section just under the "El", Friendship House is set up in two old stores, rented by their Gold Coast owner at \$125 a month. The storefronts are dirty, the windows dull with inadequate lighting and the open doors nearly always obstructed with people, coming and going.

Approaching in the taxi, I felt self conscious. I paid off the driver as quickly as possible and plunged into the nearest doorway, noting as I passed a large statue of Blessed Martin de Porres for whom the center is named. At first glance I almost mistook Martin for a Friendship House client, and on second thought maybe that was the idea.

It was Ann Harrigan, director of Friendship House, I was looking for. The big room was empty, an expanse of polished black linoleum and book-lined walls, with a few tables and chairs. The ceiling was cracked and the paint was chipped, but some one had edged the bookshelves with red and put up gay posters. From a back room came the puzzling but unmistakable noise of kitchen activity. I made for the door.

Busy Place

A little bustling woman in a housedress and an apron met me halfway. Oh, it was Miss Harrigan I wanted. Well now, Miss Harrigan and her assistant, Miss Scholes, were both over at church, but if I would take a chair and wait... And would I excuse her now, she was baking a cake...

She retired to the back room again, and I sat on a wicker settee and waited. Shortly I was joined by an elderly man who had a few words with the aproned woman and then also sat on the settee and waited.

He smiled tentatively and I asked him for a match and offered him a Chesterfield in exchange. Over the companionable cigarette we both got to talking.

Chicago weather abominable, we agreed. Milwaukee no better. And what brought me to Friendship House? A story for the Herald Citizen...

"It's a good place," he said, emphatically. "I came in to get me a pair of pants. My old ones, they're all wore out. The lady, Miss Scholes that is, is seeing about getting me a room, too. I got a job, but no place to stay."

Two youngish girls whisked in, untied the scarves over their heads, shouted greetings toward the kitchen and fell to painting a poster. They looked like college kids, in flat heels and extremely casual blouses and skirts. It took a little while to recognize that the costumes looked casual because they were so old—unmistakable castoffs. I remembered that Friendship House workers were supposed to wear the same type of clothes they give their clients.

Neither of them was Miss Harrigan or Miss Scholes. I waited a while longer, and in the interval a young boy dashed in from the street, carried a cup of sugar to the back

room, and emerged a minute later to make a phone call.

"Hello, mom," he said. "I just thought I'd call. Yeah, down at Friendship House. Oh everything's O.K. How's my father?"

Blanche Scholes

While I was still shamelessly eavesdropping, another girl came in, and after consultation in the back room, which seemed to be the hub of all activity, came over to the wicker settee. It wasn't the violent pink blouse or the worn purple skirt I noticed first, or the pale blonde pig-tails tied up with ribbons, or the tattered hosiery. It was the blue eyes smiling and smiling, and the bright dash of lipstick and the serene and lovely face.

"I'm Blanche Scholes," she said. "Were you looking for me?"

There was a little prelimin-

ary delay while she took care of the elderly man, whose needs, we both felt, were more urgent than ours. Then she came back and lit a cigarette while she wondered what to tell me.

"Ann would make a much better story; it's such a pity she isn't here."

I suggested mildly that there should be a story enough in any young girl who discarded plans for a successful career to work a 12 or 14-hour day, seven-day week among Chicago's destitute Negroes.

Unconvinced, and with decided reluctance, Blanche Scholes told her story. She was born in the Philippine Islands, where her father was a government worker for a time, and was still too young when the family moved to Chicago to remember the trip.

She attended Chicago schools—Hinsdale high school and in 1934 the University of Chicago. She liked music and had talent. She had decided to teach it, and made music her major at the university.

But somewhere along the way she served as a substitute teacher in a school conducted by the Missionary Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament, dedicated to work among Negroes

and Italians. So interested in their work did she become that when she finished college she joined the order.

Objections

There were objections from her family and friends, of course. All the usual objections to "extreme" piety, to the "waste" of university training, to the "impracticality" of abandoning a remunerative career in the world. Blanche overrode the objections and went to the convent.

Two years later her health broke and she was forced to give up that plan, too. She recuperated, slowly, and tried a job. She found ordinary work entirely unsatisfactory.

Then she heard of Friendship House, and met Ann Harrigan. Miss Harrigan asked her to try volunteer work at the House. She did. A few months later she became a full time staff worker.

No Salaries

Staff workers of Friendship House receive no salaries.



The Vine and the Branches

By Adele de Mille

They are housed in rooms, flats, apartments—whatever accommodation can be found for them in the neighborhood. They take their meals at Friendship House (that back room really is a kitchen), and they work all day and often half the night among the hundreds who come in search of money, clothing, food, advice, housing, solutions to their troubles.

What sort are the hardest to solve, or the most frequent?

Housing, Blanche said. And after that problems of racial discrimination. Negro children who are refused entrance to schools, for example.

Not to Catholic schools!

"Oh yes," she said quietly. "Very often to Catholic schools. Sometimes, in fact, I think we are the worst offenders."

Rigid Schedule

The workers' own clothing comes from the stock room which outfits their clients. Their work is patterned on a schedule so unrelenting that some workers give it up.

The Chicago Friendship House has seven staff workers and about 30 part-time volunteers. In addition to doing regular "settlement house" work, they mail out propaganda and arrange lectures

Negro Soldiers in Revolutionary War

(Continued from page 1)
rashness of Attucks in the holy cause of liberty...."

There were problems to be solved. Statesmen differed in viewpoints. The enemy with a watchful eye prepared to take advantage of the strained conditions. The colonists hesitated in the Revolutionary War of America, to enlist the Negroes for fear of the uprising of the slaves. This situation was of great value to the English, and they offered the Negro freedom for his services. The masters took cognizance of this fact and offered their slaves freedom to replace them on the battle front.

MAJOR PITCAIRN, a British officer, was shot down at the Battle of Bunker Hill, as he was shouting, "The day is ours," by Peter Salem, a Negro slave, who became a freed man when he entered the army. Peter Salem served seven years as a minuteman under Captain John Nixon and Captain Simon Edgell, and came through the war unharmed. His home town, Framingham, Mass., appropriated \$150 for a granite me-

morial over his grave in 1816.

Pompey, also a slave, gathered valuable information as he ascended Stony Point, New York, each day to sell berries. He led the soldiers through the forest and pointed out the long chain of sentinels who had to be captured before the stronghold could be taken by surprise.

Rhode Island was the first and only colony to act en masse and raise a distinctive Negro Military organization. In the Battle of Rhode Island, this Negro regiment was distinguished for assaulting the Hessian troops three times. The loyalty of this troop was shown when the enemy was forced to cut them to pieces before Col. Greene, their commander, was murdered. When George Washington made his famous crossing of the Delaware a Negro oarsman, Prince Whipple, an African son of a Zulu chieftain, was right up in the prow of the boat. Negro troops were encamped around Valley Forge during those dreadful winter days and nights. There were about 300,000 Negroes fighting in the Revolutionary War.

Cup of Tea

A moment later she was asking whether I would like a cup of tea. We had it in the kitchen with two other workers, a registered nurse from Canada, and a tall, serious Negro girl who left in a great hurry to teach a class at the children's center next door.

Blanche was again immersed in work when I left. She stopped to walk to the door and ask me to stop for another call when I was in Chicago again. "You should meet Ann and get a story from her."

Satisfying

It would be foolish, wouldn't it, to ask whether she liked the work?

She smiled. "I find it very satisfying."

But wasn't it very exacting, especially for a girl whose health couldn't stand the constant routine?

"Yes." Blanche thought a little while. "There is a certain amount of regular routine, though, and that's probably beneficial. And we have a vacation every year."

And of course no time for riotous living. I suggested. She laughed. "No, and very little inclination. After a number of months of this life, so many of the recreations of the old life seem to lose their attraction."

What about money?

Weren't there times when Friendship House runs short of funds?

"Oh yes," she said quickly. "There have been times when the rent is due and the cupboard bare; several of them."

"Well, what then?"

She laughed again. "Well then we close up shop and we all go over to church and pray like mad. Sometimes one of the girls takes along the budget book."

And the money comes in?

"Oh yes. Last time there was a huge check that we hadn't expected in the morning mail."

Isn't that quite amazing? She looked at me seriously. "Quite amazing."

WHAT WE CAN DO

We can build a better future by training our children

We can all begin now to train our children to be, not little Nazis, but democratic, Christian citizens. We can train them in good racial manners—to respect all people regardless of race or economic status.

We can give them a sensitive appreciation of human personality. We can give them an awareness of their identification with the members of Christ's Mystical Body and human family of God everywhere.

We can make certain that the schools we send our children to do not discriminate against Negroes. We can insist that our schools teach courses which tell of the Negro's contribution to American culture.

"Are We Going to the Beach, Teacher?"

Last June when I was still a cautious - minded school teacher in New Hampshire, I assured my twenty-six little sixth-graders that I wouldn't think of taking them to Bellamy Park, two miles away, for the day. After all there was a swimming pool there and what if one of them should be drowned? No, I wouldn't listen to their pleas. I couldn't think of taking such a risk.

One week later I was at Friendship House. My first assignment was to take twenty-eight kids whom I had never seen before to Orchard Beach, which also was new to me, via the New York Subway system which was still very confusing to me.

To say that I nearly died of fright is putting it mildly. But Mabel assured me that there was nothing to worry about. "Just let Blessed Martin take care of them. He always brings them home safely," she said with a smile. So I did and he did. He also brought me home exhausted. I could never forget that day or any other Thursday last summer when we took the Cubs to Jones Beach, Riis Beach or Coney Island.

Something new and unexpected happens every time but the general routine was always something like this. On our way home from 8:15 Mass two or three Cubs would grab us on the street to ask, "Are we going to the beach, teacher?" "Yes, dear." "What time?" "11 o'clock." Of course there is a sign in the clubroom window with all this information on it, but they like to be assured. As we settle down to eat breakfast, the doorbell rings. Whoever opens it is greeted by a chorus of "What time are we going to the beach, teacher?"

At 11 o'clock we assemble in the clubroom and take the names of everyone. When we are ready to leave someone comes running breathlessly in, "Wait for me, Teacher, I have to go change my clothes." So we settle back for a while. When he finally arrives someone else calls in "Just a minute, teacher, I

HAVE YOU ANSWERED OUR APPEAL YET?

Though the thermometer registers about 90, our bank account is hovering around zero. We want to hire some busses to take the children on a trip to Maryknoll and that takes cash. And you all know what's happening to prices! If you have already contributed all you can afford could you send us any of the following:

Soap—(Keeping clean in New York in summer eats it up!)

"The City of God" by St. Augustine.

Vegetables, fresh or canned (Corn packs well and is much fresher than in the markets.)

Food — (Anything and everything!)

Good new books — (They're one of the first cuts in our budget and yet we need them, "Not by bread alone," you know!).

have to go to the store for my mother. I'll be with you in a minute." About 11:30 we start for the subway. After getting the change man very angry by thrusting a handful

Statement by a Negro

If you discriminate against me because I am uncouth, I can become mannerly. If you ostracize me because I am unclean, I can cleanse myself. If you segregate me because I lack knowledge, I can become educated. But if you discriminate against me because of my color, I can do nothing. God gave me that. I have no protection against race prejudice, but to take refuge in cynicism, bitterness and hatred.

Andrew Hatcher.



Cure d'Ar's Friendship House Clothing Center, 41 West 135th Street in Harlem, New York City

Here is one of our three faithful volunteers, Mrs. Foster (The others are Mrs. Russell and Mrs. Hite) opening the box you have sent. She'll write down your name quickly and the contents of the package and the date. Then she'll put the women's clothing on hangers to the left, men's suits in back, underwear, women's skirts and sweaters and children's things to the left and miscellaneous things on the counter. Notice the delightful variety of women's hats. Our collection is much greater but their great ingenuity may have overtaxed our artist. You have passed through the reception room in front. Friends come in one or two at a time and we try to fit them out for six months. We never have enough children's things or men's shirts or underwear. Then the worker brings the slips across to the library and we enter the names and donations in a book and on cards and thank the kind friends who enable us to perform this corporal work of mercy. Please forgive us our slowness in thanking you because we have much more work than workers. But we are very, very grateful! Come in for a visit some day.

of pennies, dimes and quarters at him we start our jerky procession through the turnstile. The first train to come in is never ours but two or three eager leavers always rush in and grab themselves a seat from which they are dragged by Al Bennett or Paul Harper, teen-age boys who take command of the younger Cubs. When our train finally arrives we get on and settle down. I take out my list and try to check up and see if everyone is there. At least one person is always missing but Al or Paul usually finds him and brings him back to the fold. If the ride is very long some of the small boys get bored and think up some interesting little game to amuse themselves at each stop, like waiting till the train is ready to start and then trying to get on before the doors close.

Little Dolores, the personality girl of 135th Street, usually sits in my lap and tells me the most amazing stories in her delightful lisp. Dolores has two front teeth missing, two big dimples and a bright perky bow perched on her head like a butterfly. On our last trip she told "Last night I dreamed I was Tarzan, an

you wath a lady. A snake tried to kill you and I came and shaved you. An if my mother would change me into a boy that's what I would do, too."

When we arrive at the beach there is a mad dash for the water, then lunch and a period when everyone wants to be buried in the sand. If someone happens to find a dime in the sand the spirit of the Forty-niners is upon them and everyone starts digging at once. Some one either gets lost, sick or cuts his foot. Last week Mildred Franklin told us she didn't sleep all night because she was going to the beach. When she actually got to the beach she was so excited that she was sick all day.

Then we take the little ones to the playground for an hour or so before we go home.

The slide is the most popular amusement but they (and all the other children at the beach) get more fun out of walking up the slide than coming down it. So they all line up and climb up the slide and come down the ladder. Both the playground supervisor and I tried to convince them that it's more fun to slide on a slide. But they won't listen. Little Dolores who had been on the seesaw came running up crying as though she had been half murdered. "Miss Betty, we wath playing Bumpsies and she bumped me too hard."

Then we start our subway ride home. Everyone is much more quiet and subdued on the way home.

The next morning on the way to Mass the Cubs call to us, "Are we going to the beach next week, teacher?"

Knights of Columbus

(Continued from page 1)

State convention of the Knights of Columbus in Saranac Lake on May 25th.

When I was appointed to the New York State Commission Against Discrimination, I received inquiries asking how I could justify my membership in the Knights of Columbus with my appointment to this commission. These inquiries were predicated on the assumption that by my membership in the Knights of Columbus I was endorsing the very discrimination which on this commission I was pledged to eliminate. My work brought me in contact with the Negro people and I found that they almost universally felt that the Knights of Columbus would not accept a qualified Catholic if he were colored. I found that even among the Catholic clergy who were working among the Negro people the feeling was prevalent that the Knights of Columbus did not want Negro Catholics. I must confess that the impact of these charges and opinions was disturbing to me. I wondered if we could have strayed from our principles.

I lost no time in finding out what the real facts were and I thank God that I can say that such charges are entirely baseless.

I found that there were councils in New York State which had Negro members; that St. Patrick's Council of the Bronx had Negro members for almost thirty years, and at the present time they have twelve to fifteen in their roll of membership. I was delighted to learn that no difficulties whatever were experienced; that the color of a Knight's skin made no more difference than the color of his eyes. I was indeed proud of my membership in the Knights of Columbus knowing that we had surmounted all barriers of race, class and color and were affording the spiritual and educational benefits which flow from membership in the Knights of Columbus to all Catholics without regard to their race, class or color.

The resolution which you have passed, together with the actual facts as they exist, refute any and all charges that the Knights of Columbus of New York State practice discrimination against qualified colored applicants and I know also that it will serve to remove hesitation on the part of qualified colored Catholics to seek membership in the Knights of Columbus. In all discussions which I had with the Knights of Columbus in Saranac Lake, not one single word was uttered which would even suggest that a colored Catholic would not be completely and entirely welcome in the Knights of Columbus.

With kindest regards, I am,
Sincerely,
JULIAN J. REISS
N. Y. State Commissioner Against
Discrimination.

